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THE STAR CHAMBER.



THE STAR CHAMBER, AND EXCHEQUER BUILDINGS, AT WESTMINSTER.

EVERY person at all acquainted with the interesting localities of the late Houses of Parliament must recollect the line of buildings represented in the above Engraving. They were blackened with age, and, to those who were familiar with the historical associations of the spot, they told afflicting tales of other times. Indeed, it was scarcely possible for any one to pass this dilapidated pile without some inquiry as to its appropriation—its history, and its aspect of neglect and decay.

It may, however, be as well first to describe the situation of these buildings, to enable the reader to understand it as clearly as our artist has depicted their appearance. They stood on the eastern side of New Palace-yard, near the bank of the Thames: "adjoining them, northward, was an arched gateway,

apparently of Henry the Third's time, which communicated with a boarded passage and stairs leading to the water. At different times, since 1807, the whole of this range of building has been pulled down; the last remaining part, which included the offices where the *trials of the Pix*, and the printing of Exchequer bills, was recently carried on, was destroyed only in the present year. There was also an apartment in the same edifice, in which that despotic tribunal, the STAR CHAMBER, held its sittings during the most obnoxious period of its career, namely, from the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, until the final abolition of the Court by Parliament, in 1641. This, however, could not have been the '*Chambre des Estoilles*,' or '*Camera Stellata*,' in which the Court originally sat; for, the building itself was evidently of the

Elizabethan age, and the date 1602, with the initials E. R. separated by an open rose on a star, was carved over one of the doorways.* But, it may be inferred from various records, that the original Star Chamber occupied the same site, or nearly so, as the late buildings.

Having thus premised a general outline of the buildings, we purpose glancing at the origin of the infamous Court which was held in one of the principal apartments; an inquiry which bespeaks the attention of the reader from the prominent mention of the Star Chamber in the history of our country. In this task, advantage has been taken of two letters from John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A., to Thomas Aymot, Esq., F.R.A., and Treasurer to the Society of Antiquaries; both which are printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxv., pt. 2, 1834, pp. 342, 393.

It seems agreed that all superior courts of justice originated in the ancient Royal Court held in the King's Palace, before the King himself, and the members of his "Consilium ordinarium," commonly called "the Council." The Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, arose, from time to time, out of the King's Court, and assumed independent jurisdiction over particular descriptions of causes. Hence, a considerable portion of the business of the King's Court was diverted into other channels; but the Court itself subsisted, and exercised a judicial distinction, which it is difficult to define.

In the exercise of their judicial authority, the Council held their sittings in a chamber of the Palace at Westminster, known as "the Council Chamber near the Exchequer," and the "Chambre des Estoyers," or "Estoilles," near the Receipt of the Exchequer. This chamber is said to have been situated in the outermost quadrangle of the Palace, next the bank of the river, and was, consequently, easily accessible to the suitors. The occupation of the "Chambre des Estoilles," or Star Chamber, by the Council, can be traced to the reign of Edward III.; but no specific mention of the Star Chamber, as a Court of Justice, can be found, Mr. Bruce believes, earlier than the reign of Henry VII., about which time the old titles of "the Lords sitting in the Star Chamber," and "the Council in the

Star Chamber," seem to have merged in this one distinguishing appellation.†

The origin of the name "Star Chamber," has been a subject of dispute which has given occasion to several ingenious guesses. The most satisfactory explanation appears to be that supported by Mr. Caley, in the eighth volume of the *Archæologia*, p. 404; that the ceiling of the chamber was anciently ornamented with gilded stars.

The course of the proceedings before the Council was twofold; one, *ore tenus*, or by mouth; the other by bill and answer. The proceeding *ore tenus* was that which was usually adopted in political cases, and, consequently, was the most abused. It originated either in "soden reporte," which Mr. Bruce thinks, means private, and, probably, secret information given to the Council. The person accused, or suspected, was immediately apprehended and privately examined. If he confessed any offence, or, if the cunning of his examiners drew from him, or his own simplicity let fall, any expressions which suited their purpose, he was at once brought to the bar, his confession or examination was read, he was convicted *ex ore suo*, (out of his own mouth,) and judgment was immediately pronounced against him. Imagination can scarcely conceive a more terrible judicature. Dragged from home, in the custody of a pursuivant, ignorant of the charge or suspicion entertained against him, without friend or counsellor, the foredoomed victim was subjected to a searching examination before the members of a tribunal which was bound by no law, and which itself created and defined the offences it punished. His judges were, in point of fact, his prosecutors, and every mixture of these two characters is inconsistent with impartial justice.

Besides the mode of proceeding *ore tenus*, the Council might be applied to in another manner, in all cases of libel, conspiracy, and matters arising out of force or fraud. Crimes of the greatest magnitude, even treason and murder, were treated of in this Court, but solely punished as trespasses, the Council not having dared to usurp the power of inflicting death. Causes of a capital nature could originate only in the King, who, by prosecuting in this Court for any treasonable or felonious offence, showed his desire to remit the sentence against the life which would have been awarded in the Courts of Law. In these cases, a Bill of Complaint was filed with the Clerk of the Council, who then granted a warrant and subpoenas were issued to the defendant. Strictly, no subpoena could be issued until a bill was filed; but, it

† The Judges before and subsequent to this alteration were the same, viz. the members of the King's ordinary council,—"the Lords of the Council," as they are still termed in the Litany of the Church service, although many of them have generally been under the degree of a Baron.

* Messrs. Britton and Brayley, in their excellent History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament and ancient Palace of Westminster. This work has just been completed honourably to its authors, who have exceeded their promise to the public by nearly 100 pages, and eight prints, without any additional charge. The completing Part x., contains much original and curious information, now first published, respecting the Palace and adjoining buildings. Here it is supplementarily remarked that "the appellation 'Starre Chamber,' is given to a long range of building near the banks of the Thames, at Westminster, in the curious bird's eye plan of London, attributed to Ralph Aggas, and supposed to have been delineated about the year 1570. The site marked is evidently the same as was occupied by the buildings recently destroyed."

seems that this practice was, at one time, relaxed; and the consequence was, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, "many solicitors who lived in Wales, Cornwall, or the furthest parts of the North, did make a trade to sue forth a multitude of subpoenas to vex their neighbours; who rather than they would travel to London, would give them any composition, although there were no colour of complaint against them."

The process of the Star Chamber might anciently be served in any place. In Catholic times, the market, or the church, seems to have been the usual place for service. We find a corroboration of this practice in the mention of a case which occurred in the second year of Henry VIII., in which one Cheesman was committed to prison for contempt of Court, in drawing his sword upon a messenger who served process upon him in the church of Esterford, in Essex. The practice of wearing swords during divine service is ancient; and, in Poland, so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was the custom for gentlemen to draw their swords at church, during the repetition of the Creed, by way of testifying their zeal for the faith.*

In the time of Henry VII., the person summoned appeared personally before the chancellor, or president, of the Council. In the reign of James I., the defendant appeared before the clerk of the Council, who took from him a bond not to depart without license of the Court; by which bond he was anciently conditioned to appear from day to day, or confess the offence. In the time of Edward III., we find a petitioner summoned to appear on a certain day, when his opponent not being present, he was ordered to follow the Court from day to day until the complainant should appear, and thus he was kept, "as in a prison," upwards of a year. If the defendant refused to answer upon oath, the plaintiff's bill, he was imprisoned for a certain time; when, if he still refused, either the bill was taken as his confession, or he was retained in custody and kept upon bread and water until he answered. When he had put in his answer, the plaintiff examined him upon written interrogatories, when if he refused to answer them, he was committed until he consented to do so; and some persons who persisted in refusing, were continued in confinement during their lives. The examination was secret, and the defendant was neither allowed advice nor notice; but, having passed his examination, he was allowed to depart, upon securities being given for his re-appearance. The witnesses were then similarly examined; but the defendant was not allowed to cross-examine them. When the cause was ready, it was entered in a list, and the defendant was summoned to hear the judgment of the Court.

* Howel's Letters, p. 268, ed. 1737.

The Court sat for the hearing of causes, during term time, twice and sometimes thrice, in a week. After the sitting, the Lords, with the Clerk of the Council, dined in the Inner Star Chamber, at the public expense. The cost of these dinners rose to an extravagant sum: from 1509 to 1590, the charge for each dinner varying from 2*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* to 17*l.* or 18*l.*, though the number of persons dining considerably decreased during that time.

The number of the Council who attended the Court, is said in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., to have been nearly forty, of whom seven or eight were prelates: in the reign of Elizabeth, the number was nearly thirty; but it subsequently declined.

The Chancellor proceeded to the sittings of the Court in great state; his mace and seal being carried before him. He was the supreme Judge, and alone sat with his head uncovered; and was attended by his own servants in the Court. Upon important occasions, persons who wished "to get convenient places and standing," went there by three o'clock in the morning. The privileges of the Chancellor were much abused: he appointed his own kinsmen and favourites to be Counsel to the suit, and he made orders upon private petitions, which were a source of profit to his attendants: he could sit when he chose, and command the attendance of the other Judges.

Upon the trial of causes, the parties were heard by their Counsel, who were confined to a "laconical brevity;" the examinations of the witnesses were read, and the members of the Court proceeded in silence to deliver their opinions. They spoke in order from the inferior upwards, the Archbishop always preceding the Chancellor. In the case of equality of voices, that of the Chancellor was decisive. He alone had the power of assessing damages and awarding costs, and he alone could discharge persons sentenced to imprisonment during pleasure.

Every punishment, except death, was assumed to be within the power of the Court. If the complaint were founded upon a precise statute, (which was very seldom the case,) the Court awarded the punishment inflicted by the statute; but if the offence were against the statute, but the bill not grounded upon the statute, they usually imposed a heavier punishment than the statute. The following is an instance of this practice:—"The statute of the 5th Elizabeth, c. 14. punisheth the forging of false deeds with double damages to the parties grieved; imprisonment during life, pillory, cutting off both ears, slitting nostrils, and forfeiture of all his goods and profits of all his lands during his life; and the publisher of such deedes, (knowing the same to be forged,) with like double damages, pillory, cutting off one ear, and imprisonment for a year. The

Starre Chamber will adde, upon the forger, a fine to the value of all his estates, whipping, wearing of papers through Westminster Hall, letters to be seared in his face with hote irons; and to the publisher likewise a great fine and longer imprisonment, not to be released until hee find sureties for good behaviour, and the like."

This catalogue of judicial terrors comprehends, at one view, all the ordinary punishments of the Star Chamber. In John Lilburne's case, gagging was had recourse to, in order to stop his outcries in the pillory. In other cases, a savage and cold-blooded ingenuity was exercised in the discovery of novel inflictions. Thus, one Traske, a poor fanatic who taught the unlawfulness of eating swine's flesh, was sentenced to be imprisoned and fed upon pork.

Mr. Bruce thinks it might be shown that most of these infamous punishments were introduced during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. and grew into common practice under Elizabeth. Whipping seems to have been introduced by Lord Keeper Pickering, in the later reign. In the early instances, there was a moderation in fines; but, latterly, they were excessive, not according to the estate of the delinquent, but in proportion to the supposed character of the offence, "the ransom of a beggar and a gentleman being all one;" or, as it is elsewhere expressed, "the Lord Chancellor useth to say often, that the King hath committed his justice to them, and that he hath reserved his mercy to himself; wherefore that they ought to look only upon the offence, and not upon the person, but leave him to his Majesty for mercy, if there be cause." In the reigns of Henries VII. and VIII. it was not so. The clergy were then in the habit of attending the Court, and their "song was of mercy."

(To be continued.) 321.

SONG,

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Vanitas, vanitas vanitatum.

I HAVE my thoughts on nothing set, Hurrah,
And pleasantly through life I get, Ah, ah;
Let him who would my comrade be,
Loud clash the glass, and cheerfully
The bottle drain with me.

On money first I set my mind, Hurrah,
But fortune to me was unkind, Ah, ah;
My money every way was strown;
And when I picked it up in one,
In t'other it was gone.

On women next I set my thought, Hurrah,
But that with misery was fraught, Ah, ah;
The false one other lovers sought,
And constant faith soon *enast* brought,
The best could not be bought.

On honour next I set much store, Hurrah,
And, lo! another got still more, Ah, ah;
Soon as advancement I had won
Envy eclipsed my rising sun,
I had not pleased one.

The battle next and war I sought, Hurrah,
And many a victory we got, Hurrah;
Plundering the foe our way we wend,
(We scarcely better treat the friend.)
I lost my leg at th' end.

And now, at length, my thoughts are free, Hurrah,
The wide, wide world belongs to me, Hurrah;
But songs and feasts to me remain,—
The bottom of the flask we'll drain,
Nor from the last refrain. L. J. B.

Manners and Customs.

ASCENSION DAY.

THE following account of the origin of the annual ceremony of erecting the Penny Hedge, at Whitby, Yorkshire, is given by a recent writer:—Two persons of distinction in the neighbourhood, being out hunting the wild boar, the animal, closely pressed, obtained shelter in the hermitage of Eskdaleside, but almost immediately dropped lifeless. The hermit having closed the door, it was broken open, and the old anchorite beaten so severely with their boar-staves, as to occasion his death. The abbot of Whitby, who attended in his last moments, ordained the following expiatory penance:—that on every Ascension Day, they should repair to the abbot's woods, preceded by his bailiff, blowing a horn, and crying aloud at intervals, "Out on you!" and that they should cut from thence a certain number of stakes and stowers with a knife of no more value than one penny. With these materials, they were to erect a hedge, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at low water mark, in the harbour of Whitby, which was to stand the washing of nine tides, on pain of confiscation of their whole property. The lord of Whitby manor, as successor of the abbots, about half a century since, offered to dispense with the ceremony, but the proprietor of the remaining lands held by this remarkable tenure, declined it.

W. G. C.

MIDSUMMER.

At Magdalen College, Oxford, (says a recent writer,) a sermon was formerly preached every year, on Midsummer-day, being the nativity of St. John the Baptist, in the stone pulpit in the quadrangle, which was built upon the site of the dissolved hospital of St. John. The walls were adorned with boughs and flowers, and the ground was covered with green rushes and grass; the whole being intended to commemorate the preaching of St. John in the wilderness. At Westchester, on St. John the Baptist's eve, (says Aubrey,) they bring a lot, or multitude, of young birch-trees, and place them before their doors to wither. I remember when the maids, (especially the cook-maids and dairy-maids,) used to stick up in some clinks of the house, *Midsummer men*, which were slips

of orpine: they placed them by pairs, that is, one for such a man, the other for such a maid, his sweetheart; and, accordingly, as the orpine did incline to, or recline from, the other, that there would be love or aversion; and if either did wither, death. In 1694, on the day of St. John the Baptist, (says Elias Ashmole,) as I was walking in the pasture behind Montagu House, I saw two or three and twenty young women on their knees, as if they were weeding; but I afterwards learned that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night; it being a popular superstition that they would then dream of him who was to be their husband.

W. G. C.

CHESTER MYSTERIES.

THE Chester mysteries, which Shakspeare speaks of, (says Gardiner,) were no doubt left by the Romans. In the first ages of Christianity, Pagan rites were engrafted on the new religion to render it popular and imposing; and in the ceremonies of the last century, we may detect considerable remains of these superstitions. The rows of galleries that run through the streets are evidently structures of Roman origin: they are the ancient vestibules or porticos. These form a shelter from the weather, and well adapt the city for shows and sights. At the summer solstice and the autumnal equinox, the performance of the mysteries took place, and drew the people in crowds from the neighbouring mountains. In these exhibitions, enormous giants paraded the streets, with dragons and unicorns, and other terrific objects, that astonished and frightened the people. Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion, that this Midsummer show was the same as the Saturnalia of the Romans. The monks of Chester, with the Abbot Marmion at their head, also contributed their part by acting before the gate, the play of *The Assumption of our Lady*. In the nightly serenade, the mountain bards stole through the silent corridors with their murmuring harps; but as the morning dawned, the men of Harlech with a bolder thrum, waked Glendower and Caernarvon to the lists, and the bowmen to the butts.

W. G. C.

AN AMERICAN-INDIAN YEAST.

ROUND a large fire, continually burning outside the house, (says Mr. Arfwedson,) the Indians seated themselves on the ground, cross-legged, in the Turkish manner; the men were nearest to the fire, and the women and children behind, wrapped in blankets, and shivering with cold. They conversed a long while in short and half-broken sentences, intermixed with cries not unlike the neighing of a horse. In these cries they were joined

by the soft voices of the women. At last, the whisky-bottle began to circulate; and, once put in motion, it was impossible to check its progress. Night came on, but still none felt disposed to retire; the hospitable landlord never permitted the bottle to remain empty: the consequence was, that all the men became intoxicated, and began howling and gesticulating in a manner which surpassed any thing I had ever heard or seen. I often thought they would kill each other, and this would, probably, have happened, had not the women interfered, and succeeded in parting the combatants. Thus they continued till morning, when one after another departed under the guidance of the females. The scene was unique, and highly interesting; the variety of colours, the wild howling of the men, the slavish looks of the women, the loneliness of the wood, the dark shades of the night, and the flames of the fire—all left a deep impression on my mind of Indian hospitality.—W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

THE DYING FLOWER.

By Frederick Rückert.*

"HAVE hope; why shouldst thou not?—the trees
Have hope, and not in vain,
Stripped by the rough, unfriendly breeze,
That spring shall come again.
Thou too, within whose secret bud
A life hath lurked unseen,
Shalt wait till spring revive thy blood,
And renovate thy green."
"Alas! no stately tree am I,
No oak, no forest-king.
Whose dreams of winter prophesy
A speedy day of spring.
A daughter of an humble race,
A flower of yearly blow
Of what I was remains no trace
Beneath my tomb of snow."
"And if thou wert the frailest reed,
The weakest herb that grows,
Thou needst not fear, God gave a seed
To every thing that blows.
Although the winter's stormy strife,
A thousand times bestrew
The soil with thee, thou canst thy life
A thousand times renew."
"Yes, thousands after me will blow
As fair—more fair than I,
No end can earth's green virtue know,
But each green thing must die.
Though they shall share in mine, no share
In their life waits for me,
Myself have changed—the things that were
Are not, nor more may be.
"And when the sun shall shine on them,
That shines on me so bright,
What boots their coloured diadem,
To me deep sunk in night?

* The author of this beautiful poem—which need fear no comparison with the choicest pieces of Goethe or Wordsworth—is no less distinguished among the living lyrists than among the Oriental scholars of Germany. We translate from a volume of poems,—*Gesammelte Gedichte von Frederick Rückert*, published at Erlangen in 1834.

That sun, whose cold and fusty smile
Mocks at my honours brief,
Seems he not beckoning the while
A future Summer's chief?

"Alas! why did my leaves incline
Unto thy faithless ray?
For while mine eye looked into thine,
Thou fliest my life away.
Thou shalt not triumph o'er my death,
My parting leaves I close.
Upon myself—receive my breath
Not thou that caused my woes.

"—Yet dost thou melt my pride away,
Change into tears my stone!—
Receive my fleet life of a day,
Thou endless one alone!
Yes! thou hast snud my pride to pass,
Mine ire hast sunn'd away;
All that I am, all that I was,
I owe it to thy ray.

"Each zephyr of each balmy morn,
That made me breathe perfume,
Each sportive moth on bright wing borne,
That danced around my bloom,
Each shining eye that brighter shone
My magic hues to see,
These purest joys I owe alone,
Eternal One, to thee!

"As with thy stars thou didst begeth
The never-fading blue,
So didst thou deck thy green of earth
With bright flowers ever new.
One breath I have not drawn in vain
For thee—be it no sigh!
One look I have for earth's fair plain,
One for the welkin high.

"Thou world's warm-glowing heart, be spent
My life's last pulse on thee!
Receive me, heaven's bright azure tent,
My green tent breaks with me.
Hail to thee, Spring, in glory bright!
Morn with thy thousand dyes!
Without regret I sink in night,
Though without hope to rise.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY.

M. DE PONTALBA is one of the great proprietors of France. His son had been a page of Napoleon, and afterwards a distinguished officer, aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and a protégé of the Duke of Elchingen. He married the daughter of Madame d'Almonaster, and for some time, they lived happily; but on the death of her mother, Madame de Pontalba began to indulge in such extravagances that even the enormous fortune of the Pontalbas was unequal to it. This led to some remonstrance on the part of the husband; on the morning after which she disappeared from the hotel, and neither he nor her children had any clue to her retreat. At last, after an interval of some months, arrives a letter from her to her husband, dated New Orleans, in which she announces that she means to apply for a divorce; but, for eighteen months, nothing more was heard of her, except by her *drafts* for money. At last she returned, but only to afflict her family. Her son was at the military academy of St. Cyr—she induced him to elope, and the boy was plunged in every species of debauchery and expense. This afflicted in the

deepest manner his grandfather, who revoked a bequest which he had made him of about 4,000*l.* a year, and seemed to apprehend for him nothing but future ruin and disgrace. The old man, eighty-two years of age, resided in his chateau of Mont Léveque, whither, in October, 1834, Madame de Pontalba went to attempt a reconciliation with the wealthy senior. Then and there occurred the most extraordinary and unaccountable scene. On the 19th of October, the day after Madame de Pontalba's arrival, she found she could make no impression on the father-in-law, and was about to return to Paris, when old M. de Pontalba, at the age of eighty-two, observing a moment when she was alone in her apartment, enters it with a brace of double-barrelled pistols, locks the door, and approaching his astonished daughter-in-law, desires her "to recommend herself to God, for that she has but few minutes to live;" but he does not even allow her one minute—he fires immediately, and two balls enter her left breast. She starts up and flies, her blood streaming about, to a closet, exclaiming that she will submit to any terms, if he will spare her—"No, no; you must die!"—and he fires his second pistol. She had instinctively covered her heart with her hand—that hand is miserably fractured by the balls; but saved her heart. She then escapes to another closet, where a third shot is fired at her without effect—and at last she rushed in despair at the door—and while M. de Pontalba is discharging his last barrel at her, she succeeds in opening it. The family, alarmed by the firing, arrives, and she is saved. The old man, on seeing that she is beyond his reach, returns to his apartments, and blows out his brains. It seems clear that he had resolved to make a sacrifice of the short remnant of his own life, in order to release his son and his grandson from their unfortunate connexion with Madame de Pontalba. But he failed—none of her wounds were mortal; and within a month after, Madame de Pontalba, "perfectly recovered, in high health and spirits, radiant and crowned with flowers, was to be seen at all the fêtes and concerts of the capital."

In the mean time, a suit for restitution of conjugal rights was pending between her and her husband; and towards the end of last October, a final decree of the court enjoined, that Madame de Pontalba should return under marital authority, and should reside in such of her husband's houses as he should appoint—excepting only—with admirable delicacy—the Chateau de Mont Léveque, where the bloody scene had been acted.—[From a paper on the pernicious influence of French Novels—in the *Quarterly Review*.]

Domestic Hints.

CREAM FREEZING APPARATUS.

This is an ingenious application of chemistry to domestic convenience, in the artificial production of cold. The discovery was made by Richard Walker, Esq., of Oxford, and was first published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1787; but the present application of its principle is of recent date.



(Cream freezing Apparatus.)

The apparatus, represented in the Engraving, consists only of two parts; viz. the vessel for containing the freezing mixture; and a cover, to which is attached, in the same piece, a concentric annular cavity or chamber, in which the prepared cream is to be frozen; this cavity, forming a circle within the vessel itself, is open at the top, as represented, and, of course, closed at the bottom, and reaching very nearly to the bottom of the vessel: this secondary part fits close over the vessel containing the freezing mixture. It will be perceived that in the figure, there are seven very small holes in the central part of the cover, just sufficient for the escape of the air, to admit of the ascent of the freezing mixture in the middle part of the vessel. The apparatus should be furnished, (as expressed in the figure,) with an outer cover.

Previously to use, it will be proper to ascertain the quantity of liquid the apparatus will contain when together, and mark its height; likewise the proportion of the ingredients for furnishing a given quantity in measure should be known. Thus, for each pint, small or old measure, will be required of sal ammoniac and nitre, (each equal parts by weight, reduced together into fine powder,) six ounces, and of Glauber's salt, in clear crystals and dry, four ounces and a half, freely reduced to fine powder, and in a separate parcel from the former; and water ten ounces, or enough to make up one pint in measure when added to the former ingredients:—of course, the whole must be well stirred together, and expeditiously, before introducing that part of the apparatus which contains the article to be frozen, and occa-

sionally afterwards, till the object is completed, avoiding, as much as possible, any accidental accession of heat.

A freezing mixture, composed of sal ammoniac and nitre with water, all at the temperature of 50° , to which temperature, or nearly so, they may all be reduced by water from a pump by drawing off a sufficient quantity first, will from 50° produce a cold of 22° below the freezing point, and with the addition of Glauber's salt to 28° . The confectioners find a degree of cold at 12° or 15° below the freezing point sufficient for their purpose; but it must be recollected that the cold produced by salts dissolved in water, is not so durable as with ice and salt; the duration of the refrigerating power in the above mixtures will of course be in proportion to the quantity and thickness of the apparatus. Mr. Walker's usual way is, in extremely hot weather, to place the vessel containing the powdered salts in the coldest water drawn from the pump previously; but in the ordinary way it will suffice to add the cold water without the above precaution: it may be advisable to be provided with a second quantity of the ingredients, to preserve the cold by a renewal of the mixture.

The drawing is taken from an apparatus of Mr. Walker: it is made of tin, for want of a fitter material, and painted outside of a grass-green colour. The apparatus above-mentioned may be only half or three parts filled for use; care must be taken in every instance that the surface of the subject to be acted upon be rather below the surface of the freezing mixture.

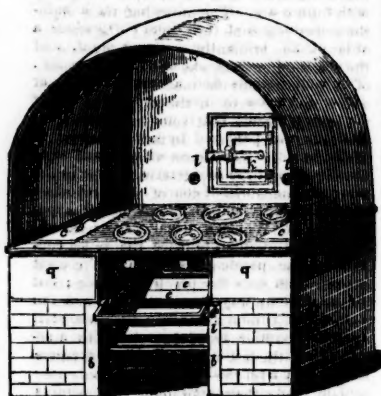
In the *Philosophical Magazine*, Mr. Walker has described two other apparatus—one for freezing water on the smallest scale, in the hottest weather,—the other, in one piece, for cooling wine; but the Cream Freezing Apparatus is the most important of Mr. Walker's inventions.

WEEKS'S PATENT COOKING APPARATUS.

MR. WEEKS'S improvement in the cooking range consists in the front bars of the grate, the cheeks, the back, and the end pieces into which the back fits, being constructed of hollow tubes, the whole having at the same time the appearance of a common grate; and pipes from these communicate with two hot water cisterns, one placed on each hob of the grate. There is also a communication between these cisterns by pipes passing horizontally over the back of the fire-place, so that a continually circulating medium is obtained.

There is an oven connected with the improved range, in which, from the manner of its construction, meat may be baked, and yet have all the advantage of meat that is roasted.

There are four varieties of Mr. Weeks's apparatus; but the kitchen range or cooking apparatus is that which exhibits the improvement in its completest form. An Engraving of it is annexed, and the following are the descriptive details:—



(Weeks's Kitchen Range.)

The front bars (*a a*), which are hollow, communicate with hollow cheeks (*b b*), from the back of which pipes pass to the bottom of the cisterns (*c c*); and the communication between the cisterns is formed by the pipes (*d d*). The back of the grate, which is composed of hollow tubes, fits into hollow end pieces, each of which has also a pipe to communicate with the hot water cisterns (*e e*). The inside of the cast iron back of the grate, which the poker comes against in poking the fire, is nearly smooth, and the pipes are almost entirely on the outside. The surface of the range is covered with a cast iron plate, in which are placed five cast iron pans and a fish kettle, (of course the number of these pans may be increased,) for stewing and for other culinary purposes. These vessels contain only boiling water, but tin vessels are placed in them, and in the cisterns containing water, the articles to be cooked either by stewing or boiling; the water, &c. in the inner vessels being made to boil by those vessels being surrounded by the boiling water in the outer vessels. This offers two advantages, namely, that the water in the tin vessels can never exceed the boiling point, and that these vessels, with their contents, may be easily and at once lifted out. There are two sheets of cast iron (*g g*), which slide in grooves, and are pushed together to keep the fire and heat from any one engaged at the stew-pans. The cock (*i*) for drawing the water off is fixed near the top of the range, so that the pipes can never be wholly emptied. Above the cast iron plate and pans is the oven. This is double-cased, so that there is a vacuum all round, except at the doorway (*h*), for a current of hot air. But the principal improvement here consists in the introduction of a continual current of air. We all know that meat which is roasted is superior to meat that is baked, because the former is cooked in a continually changing, and, consequently, a purer atmosphere; and the exhalations from it pass up the chimney, and otherwise into the atmosphere; but the meat that is confined in an oven becomes saturated with the impurities with which the air surrounding it has become contaminated. To obviate this evil, openings (*l l*) are made on each side of the oven,

through which a constant current of air passes, and the exhalations are thus carried up by a funnel into the flue. From the cisterns on each side, a pipe may be carried through the wall behind; this pipe will carry boiling water to a very considerable distance; so that by having another cistern beyond the wall, cooking may be performed by the mistress or housekeeper in a different room from that where the fire is, and whence the boiling water is supplied. Over the range there is a canopy of tin or zinc, to prevent the steam ascending to the ceiling, at the top of which there is an opening for its escape into the flue.

It is well known that a false bottom to a grate causes a great saving in fuel, because the fire is by it brought in closer contact with the bottom of the pots or pans placed on the grate; but, at times, when roasting is to be done, the whole depth of the grate is required. In order to save the waste of fuel occasioned by neglecting to put in the false bottom when no roasting is wanted, and to obviate the inconvenience of having the fire deranged when roasting is required, Mr. Weeks's plan of a false bottom will be effectual.



(False Bottom to a Grate.)

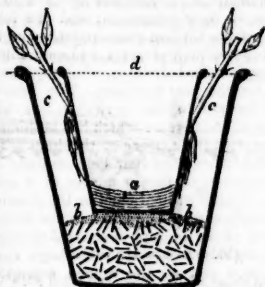
The cut shows a false bottom connected with the grate; *w w* are screwed on to the cheek; and by turning round the handle, which is put on the axle (*x*) of the wheel, the false bottom, which has a thin edge, will make its way forward through the fire, and may be drawn back at pleasure. The thin edge, when pushed forward, rests in a groove on the other end of the grate.

NEW METHOD OF STRIKING CUTTINGS.

THE sketch represents a new mode of striking cuttings, which Mr. Alexander Forsyth has proved to be far superior to the ordinary practice; and which is so extremely simple, that it is likely to be adopted by the amateur cottage matron, with her pinks and wall-flowers. It is as follows:—Take a wide-mouthed 48-sized pot, for example, and crock it in the usual manner with broken tiles, &c.; then take a wide-mouthed *small sixty*, and put a piece of clay in the bottom of it to stop the hole; then place it inside the other, on the top of the crocking, so that the brims of both pots may be on a level. Then fill in the space between the pots with sand, or other propagating soil, according to the nature of the plant about to be propagated; and let the cuttings be inserted in the manner here shown, with their lower extremities against the inner pot. Plunge the pot in a cutting frame, or under a bell or hand-glass, in a shady place out of doors, according to the nature of the cuttings and

the season of the year; and let the inner pot be filled and kept full of water.

The principal advantages to be derived from this method are,—the regularity of the supply of moisture, without any chance of saturation; the power of examining the state of the cuttings at any time, without injuring them, by lifting out the inner pot; the superior drainage, so essential in propagating, by having such a thin layer of soil; the roots being placed so near the sides of both pots; and the facility with which the plants, when rooted, can be parted for potting off, by taking out the inner pot, and, with a common table-knife, cutting out every plant with its ball, without the awkward, but often necessary, process of turning the pot upside down to get out the cuttings.



(New Method of striking Cuttings.)

In the cut, *a* shows the clay stopping of the pot; *b*, the drainage of potsherds, or broken crocks; *c*, the sand or other soil in which the cuttings are inserted; and *d*, the water in the inner pot.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

New Books.

TRAVELS IN CHILI AND PERU.

[In the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, just published, is a very attractive paper upon a new work which has lately appeared in Germany, upon the above important countries of South America. The title runs—*Travels in Chili and Peru, and on the River Amazonas*, in the years 1827—1832. By Von Edward Poeppig. It extends to two quartos, containing between 900 and 1,000 closely printed pages; accompanied by an atlas of plates. From the Reviewer's observations we gather that the work is "replete with new and interesting information communicated in an agreeable manner, and calculated to give a very favourable idea of the acquirements, perseverance, and impartiality of the author." The main object of the voyage was to collect specimens of natural history; and the descrip-

tive portions of the work are, therefore, among its most striking features: *c. g.*]

Arrival at Antuco.

Late in the evening we reached the end of the dreary plain of Antuco, and suddenly found ourselves in a fertile spot overgrown with high grass. The moon had risen above the snowy plains of the Andes; the streams of lava shone brilliantly on the shady side of the volcano; and all was still, till the noise of a great multitude made us all at once aware that we were in the vicinity of Tucapel and indicated that some unusual event had taken place there. In fact we found the inhabitants in the utmost despair, as they were in momentary expectation of an attack from the marauding tribe of the Moluches; who were said to have advanced as far as the upper Biobio—women and children were lamenting, while the men were hastily loading their horses with their little property, to seek safety in flight, though with the certain prospect of finding their village reduced to ashes on their return. Only a few men, confident in the fleetness of their steeds, resolved to wait till the last moment, and not follow their families till the blood-thirsty horde had actually made their appearance. It seemed more advisable to imitate their example, than to go back all the way to Yumbel. Under cover of a neighbouring wood, we succeeded in getting off our mules and baggage, and I was fortunate enough to obtain a fresh horse. The Chilians encamped in the centre of the village—for none ventured to remain in their dwellings, where they could not so soon be aware of the approaching danger. It was indeed a melancholy encampment—little was said, and the cheerful guitar was for once laid aside—the peasants sat in gloomy despondency round the small watchfire, the reflection of which showed, in their careworn features, the traces of the misery which this destructive war has for many years inflicted on all the inhabitants of the frontiers. The midnight stillness was suddenly broken by a dismal song, in a harsh voice, which was succeeded by an expressive silence. At a short distance from us there was an encampment of about twenty Pehuenches, who had hitherto remained unobserved. Near the fire, and supported against the old trunk of a weeping *mayte*, reclined a captive Indian, painted with white streaks, which had been traced upon his dark skin with horrid fidelity, in imitation of a human skeleton. The rest were seated in a circle in gloomy silence; with their horses ready saddled behind them, and their long lances fixed in the ground by their side. The prisoner re-commenced his song, but none replied, for it was his farewell to life—his death-song—as he had been doomed to die the next morning by the hand of his guards. During a fit of intoxication

he had killed a member of another family, and, being the last descendant of an exterminated race, and too poor to pay the fine in arms and cattle, his life was irrecoverably forfeited to the vengeance of the relations, according to the inexorable laws of this people. I left the camp of these Indians, whose vicinity could only excite unpleasant feelings; and ascended a hill which rose close to the unfortunate village. Here, on a level rock, I watched for some time, holding the reins of my horse in one hand and my gun in the other, as we might every instant expect the dreaded attack. About midnight, the wind bore along the distant sound of the trampling of horses, followed by loud yells, and, in a moment, the whole village was in motion. The Chilians and Indians fled into the dark woods;—but the war-cries soon announced them to be allied Pehuenches, who belonged to the troop that had left Yumbel on the preceding day, and who brought good tidings. The watch-fires instantly blazed up, and all thronged round the messengers, who reported with wild gestures that they had unexpectedly come upon the approaching Moluches, whom they had defeated, and that they were now hastening to Chillan to spread the news of victory, and receive the customary presents. In confirmation of their statement, they rolled along at our feet some bloody heads, whose savage features fixed in death had a most terrific appearance. The horrid trophies were received with a loud yell of joy—the Chilians collected their concealed property, and a disgusting bacchanal ensued. Sick at heart from the repeated sight of these cruelties, I retired into the wood; the exhaustion both of mind and body rendered any convenient resting place superfluous, and I sought in the arms of sleep forgetfulness of the events of the past day.

Indian Warfare.

The Pehuenches are always at war with one or other of the neighbouring tribes. They consider it as the greatest proof of military skill to attack the enemy in some unguarded point, to penetrate into the open country, and to inflict upon the people all the horrors of an Indian war. They manage to arrive by night near the frontier place which they have doomed to destruction. As soon as morning dawns, they rush tumultuously, and with dreadful yells, into the defenceless village, and the inhabitants rarely have time to fly. The scene of barbarity and destruction which then begins baffles description. Whatever appears to be of any value is seized, the rest destroyed, the herds driven away, the men and youths murdered without pity; the old women, though not killed, are barbarously treated; the younger women and girls carried away with little hope of ever seeing their

country again. Lastly, they set fire to the wretched huts, and the fiend-like assailants hastily retreat amidst the flames, and over the bloody carcasses of their murdered victims. Less than two hours are sufficient to commence and finish this scene: they vanish as suddenly as they came, and the lamentations of the few inhabitants who have escaped alone bear witness to their destructive visit.

It is very seldom that these Indians take any prisoners, and every one fights to the last moment, rather than expose himself to the more or less dreadful fate which may befall him, according to the humour of the victors. During my residence at Antuco, a military party, which returned from the Southern Andes, had succeeded in capturing a chief of the detested tribe of the Moluches. The unfortunate prisoner was destined to be a victim to their vengeance, and the intervention of the Chilean commandant, and the offer of considerable presents, had no influence over the incensed Indians, who impatiently waited for the next morning. The prisoner looked forward to his inevitable fate with that stupid indifference which has nothing in common with the courage of the hero. The man who, more than half degenerated, has never experienced the happiness of a softer feeling, resigns without emotion the cheerless boon of existence. The noise of the festival in honour of the triumph resounded throughout the night, and at daybreak a large circle of the men and all the women assembled before the fort. The prisoner stood in the centre of a smaller circle, composed of twenty warriors, each armed with his long lance. Three shallow pits had been dug at his feet, and a short stick was put into his hand. In a loud voice he related his deeds, and named the enemies who had fallen by his hand; and as he pronounced each name he broke off a piece of the stick, which he threw into one of the pits and contemptuously trampled under foot. The shouts of the indignant hearers became louder and louder, and the women, transformed into furies, answered with yells and screams to every new name. One lance after the other was lowered and pointed closer and closer at the breast of the scornful enemy. The last piece of the stick was dropped; the last and the greatest of all the names was pronounced; and at the same instant resounded from a hundred throats the fearful war-cry of the Chibotoo. Twenty lances pierced the prisoner, who was lifted high into the air, and then fell dead upon the ground.

Volcano of Antuco.

The valley of Antuco, which comprehends the highest point of the Southern Andes, extends from east to west, is about seven leagues long, not very broad in any part, and divided into two very nearly equal portions by

the river Laya. At its lower extremity it is separated by a chain of hills from the plain of Yumbel and Los Angeles; towards the east it rises abruptly, contracts, and is in this direction almost entirely inclosed by the broad base of the volcano, there being barely space between it and the opposite ridge for a rapid stream and a narrow defile which leads into the country of the Indians. Many parts of the soil are not worth cultivating, as it is covered with volcanic rock, and resembles the dry bed of a river; but the sides of the mountains, and the plains at their foot, answer their high reputation for extraordinary fertility. In some places they exhibit terraces one above another, and present natural meadows in the midst of beautiful mountain-woods, where the most luxuriant vegetation proves the richness of the soil; streams everywhere rush down from the mountains, and above their verdant summits tower the lofty peaks covered with everlasting snow. In the immediate vicinity of the village, the mountains are so high that it takes several hours to ascend the bold, rocky summit of the Pico de Pilque. Still further up the valley, their colossal height increases, till the indented glacier of the Silla Veluda and the black cone of the volcano close the wonderful picture. The village itself has a most picturesque appearance, for it leans against a lofty ridge, which is crested with a magnificent forest of beech trees. There is an indescribable pleasure in botanizing on a bright morning in summer on these trackless heights: the endless variety of beautiful Alpine plants fills the botanist with enthusiasm; the majestic prospect of the snow-crowned Andes refreshes the eye of the wearied traveller, who reposes beneath the shade of trees of extraordinary size; and the atmosphere has a purity which seems to render him more capable of enjoying the pleasures of life and despising its dangers.

But the most splendid and ever-novel object in the landscape is the volcano, which is a few leagues from the village, and, not being concealed by any of the smaller hills by which it is surrounded, is perpetually in sight. We are never weary of observing the various phenomena which it presents, sometimes occasioned by the manifold refraction of light, at others by the mighty convulsions which agitate its interior. Sometimes a thick volume of smoke issues from its crater, like an enormous black column, which by an inconceivable force is impelled with greater rapidity than a cannon-ball into the bluesky; at others, a small, white cloud gently curls upwards out of the crater, with scarcely any perceptible motion, which indicates the tranquillity that prevails within. At any time of the day, the appearance of this mountain is new and varied, but it is most interesting when the sun is rising behind it, and illumines its well-defined outline, or when enve-

loped in the radiance of the evening sun, long after it has left Antuco in shade. Even amid the storms which are often spread round its base, while the sky in the lower valley is serene and untroubled, it still remains grand and beautiful.

At night, when shrouded with thick clouds, it is rendered visible by the brilliant fire which constantly issues from its mouth, and which seems to penetrate the lower strata of the atmosphere. The heat of summer, indeed, dissolves the snowy mantle with which winter has invested it, but a passing storm, which never extends to the lower grounds, covers it, even in the warm month of January, with a sheet of silver. We are never tired of watching the moment when the departing daylight renders the glowing streams of lava visible. A solitary speck of fiery red begins to sparkle; it is followed by others, and suddenly the light, like a running fire, communicates to the long streams, which, in some places singly, and in others variously intersected, carry down from the crater to the base, new masses of lava, which continue their brilliant career till they are eclipsed by the more powerful light of the morning sun. In the months of November and December, when the air is quite free from the dry fog, we sometimes enjoy a very rare but truly magical spectacle. When a passing storm has covered the volcano with fresh, pure snow, and the moon happens to be at the full, we observe at the sides of the cone, a four-fold light, in the most wonderful play of colours. While the moon is still low in the horizon, and, hid behind the mountain, strongly marks the outlines of its snow-capped summit, and the extreme point is still tinged with the last beams of the setting sun, a calm splendour rises majestically from its interior, and streams of lava glow on the western side, which is enveloped in shade: if at this instant light clouds cross over the summit, the scene is such as no one would attempt to describe in words, and of which the greatest painter might despair of giving even a faint resemblance; for whatever grand effect the light of the moon, of the reflection of the snow, of the volcanic fire, and of the evening sun, can produce singly, are here united in one magnificent and unequalled whole.

VON RAUMER'S ENGLAND IN 1835.

(Concluded from page 254.)

[WITH another extract or two, we take leave of this very interesting, and by this time, popular work.]

English Route.

My desire of making acquaintances in company is natural, and I was accordingly introduced to a few persons; but such a wish only proved that I knew nothing of

English routs, and that I asked something quite impossible and absurd. When I had come to the conviction that these assemblies had as little the purpose of conversation as of eating and drinking, I had made one step towards knowledge; and I then imagined that the object was to look and be looked at; but I had not yet hit the mark; for yesterday evening people placed themselves so that one could not even see. At a German supper, sometimes, one-guest more comes than the table can conveniently hold, and the party sit somewhat crowded: in a Paris *soirée*, twenty or thirty more arrive than there are chairs for; but here, more people meet together than can find standing-room. Indeed, one was more crowded than in the street, only that the company did not move about so rapidly, but stood nearly still, whereas the populace have a peculiar pleasure in the act of pushing and elbowing. It took me a full half-hour to make my way from the farthest room to the entrance; it was utterly impossible to press through faster. As I went out, guests were still arriving, and the number of the carriages in waiting was so great, that the ladies went out, and traversed the spacious court on foot, that they might reach them sooner.

Windsor Castle.

Lord H—— very obligingly showed us the whole of the castle, much more than is usually shown; and this brings me to the introduction of this letter. Windsor far exceeded my expectations, and made a greater impression on me than all the other castles I have ever seen, put together. It combines the bold originality of the middle ages with the highest pitch of splendour and comfort which our times can reach. It is not an empty, tedious, monotonous repetition of the same sort of rooms, over and over again; but every staircase, every gallery, every room, every hall, nay, every window, is different, surprising, peculiar; in one word, poetical. In the rich, busy, hurrying London, I have often longed for the quiet of decaying Venice—often looked for a tinge of poetic melancholy, or of fantastic originality. In vain; no trace was to be found even in society. Always the sharp outline of reality; the mathematics of life; the arts of calculating, of gaining, of governing. In Windsor, on the contrary, England's history, so rich in interest, with all its recollections, suddenly stands before my eyes. These gigantic towers, bastions, balconies, chapels, churches, and knightly halls, in fresh and boundless variety; at every step new views over rivers, valleys, woods, and fields; the fancies of a thousand years crowded together into one instant, and far surpassing every thing that Opera decorators would dare to represent on paper and canvass.

I could understand Versailles, and see Louis the Fourteenth and his court, walking up and down in the straight, rectangular walks among the formal hedges, fountains, and half-fabulous animals: it was just a scene from Racine or Corneille. In Windsor, for the first time since I was in England, I fully understood that Shakspere was an Englishman. Here he reigns as monarch, and his romantic world here finds a local habitation. As we were afterwards whirled along in the royal carriage through the green meadows, and among the ancient oaks and beeches, where the wildest nature is interspersed with beautiful gardens and quiet lakes, and where richly ornamented boats lay ready moored to transport us to the distant, wooded and mysterious shore, I felt that I was on the spot where the Henries reigned, and acted their great and gorgeous tragedies; where, in moonlight nights, Oberon and Titania sport with their fairy troops; where Rosalind wanders in the forest, or Jaques indulges in his melancholy musings, or Beatrice throws out her keen jests like bright arrows.

When the weather had stormed itself out, we drove home through the richly cultivated country. It was a beautiful evening, and we could see farther than usual; but as soon as we got near London, we were surrounded with a thick fog: a grey curtain hid from us the garden of poetry, and the prose of life demanded a dinner at nine o'clock at night.

Buckingham Palace.

London, June 20th. 1835.

Yesterday, in company with Mr. D——, and several other persons, I visited Buckingham House, the king's new palace, in St. James's Park. Many objections might be made to the arrangement and proportions of the exterior, though its extent, and the colonnade, give it a certain air of grandeur.

But what shall I say of the interior? I never saw anything that might be pronounced a more total failure, in every respect. It is said, indeed, that, spite of the immense sums which have been expended, the king is so ill-satisfied with the result, that he has no mind to take up his residence in it, when the unhappy edifice shall be finished. This reluctance appears to me very natural. For my own part, I would not live in it rent-free; I should vex myself all the day long with the fantastic mixture of every style of architecture and decoration—the absence of all pure taste—the total want of feeling of measure and proportion. Even the great entrance-hall does not answer its object, because the principal staircase is on one side, and an immense, space scarcely lighted, seems to extend before you as you enter, to no purpose whatever. The grand apartments of the principal story are adorned with pillars; but what

kind of pillars? Partly red, like raw sausages; partly blue, like starch—bad imitations of marbles which nobody ever saw, standing upon blocks which art rejects, to support nobody knows what. Then, in the next apartment, (in defiance of keeping,) no pillars, but pilasters; then pilasters without base or capital; and then with a capital, and with the base preposterously cut away.

In the same apartment, fragments of Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, and the Middle Ages, all confusedly mingled together; the doors, windows, and chimney-pieces, in such incorrect proportions, that even the most unpractised eye must be offended. The spaces unskillfully divided, cut up, insulated; the doors sometimes in the centre, sometimes in the corner—nay, in one room, there are three doors of different height and breadth; over the doors, in some apartments, bas-reliefs and sculptures, in which pygmies and Brobdignagians are huddled together—people from two to six feet high living in admirable harmony. The smaller figures have such miserable spider legs and arms, that one would fancy they had been starved in a time of scarcity, and were come to the king's palace to fatten.

The picture-gallery is highly spoken of. I allow it is large, and the Gothic branches, depending from the half-vaulted ceilings, produce a certain effect. On the other hand, this imitation of Henry the Seventh's Chapel is out of its place here where the doors and windows belong to other times and other nations. These doors and windows, again, are in no proper proportion to the whole; the immensely high wall cannot be hung with paintings; and the light, coming from above on two sides, is false, insufficient, and, moreover, broken by the architectural decorations.

This palace, therefore, stands as a very dear proof that wealth, without knowledge of art and taste, cannot effect so much as moderate means aided by knowledge and sound judgment. Of what use, then, is it? The best thing that could happen, would be, if Aladdin, with his magic lamp, would come and transport it into an African desert. Then might travellers go in pilgrimage to it, and learned men at home might puzzle their brains over their descriptions and drawings; wondering in what a curious state of civilization and taste the unknown people, who built in such a style, must have lived! and how such deviations from all rule were to be explained! In the disputations that would arise, the people would be, if not justified, at least excused, and their liberal grants of money would be urged as extremely meritorious; but the king, and, above all, the architect, would be found guilty of a violation of all rules of art and of sense.

Smuggling.

I dined with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. My little essay on our municipal system gave occasion to a discussion on this subject, and the conversation on finance, taxation, free trade, commercial unions, &c., which lasted the whole time of dinner, was extremely interesting. I acquire some information in every society, and I am often delighted to have an opportunity of representing our fatherland in a light as true as it is favourable.

Firmly as I am resolved not to report one word of the private conversations of individuals, which could be in the slightest degree disagreeable to them, I trust it is no gossip, *à la* —, to repeat a *contraband* story or two from an authentic source.

A few days ago, a lady sent ten guineas, and a merchant 3,000*l.*, to the Exchequer, with the acknowledgment that they had formerly defrauded the revenue to that amount.

The Custom-House officers received information that a great number of Swiss watches were smuggled in certain bales of goods, on board a certain ship. All search, however, was fruitless; at length it was discovered that holes were cut in the thick packing cases, and the watches hidden in them.

A ship discharged slate as ballast; in the slate, Florentine mosaic was most dexterously concealed.

[It should be mentioned that the third volume remains untouched; as it relates too closely to political prospects and matters of finance to be attractive to the general reader.]

Notes of a Reader.

THE GREAT CLOCK AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

[THE following description of this palace wonder is from an industriously compiled *Historical Treatise on Horology*, by E. Henderson.* The reader will perceive that the author corrects the prevalent notion of this clock being the work of Tompion, as stated in most descriptions of Hampton Court Palace. We remember expressing a wish to learn its true history and construction, as we stood viewing its embellished face on a delightful evening of last summer; and here our wish is amply gratified.]

According to Dr. Derham, the oldest English made clock extant is the one placed in the principal turret of the Palace Royal, Hampton Court, near London, it was constructed in the year 1540 by a maker of the initials of N. O. The editor of the article

* It is to be wished that we could say as accurately printed: for it is disfigured with many errors.

"Clock-work," in Dr. Rees' *Ency.*, very properly observes, that when we consider that this clock contains mechanism for representing the motions of some of the heavenly bodies, and that the celebrated Copernicus was living at the time of its date, and had not yet published his work *On the Revolutions of the Celestial Orbs*, when we reflect also that more than a century elapsed after this time before the invention of the pendulum was applied as the regulator of clocks, these considerations appear sufficiently interesting for a minute examination of the wheel-work of this ancient clock, particularly that part of it which constitutes its celestial mechanism.

Dr. Derham, in his *Artificial Clock Maker*, third edit. Lond. 1714, states, that the Hampton Court clock shows the time of the day, and the motions of the sun and moon, through all the degrees of the zodiac, together with the matters depending thereon, as the day of the month, the sun and moon's place in the ecliptic, the moon's southing, &c. &c. To show how completely (for that age) the wheel-work was arranged, will be best known from the following short detailed extract from the same little work:—In the centre of all, both the dial-plate and its wheel-work are placed on a fixed arbor, which hath a pinion on the end of it which drives both the solar and lunar motions, by means of a large wheel of 288 teeth turning once round upon it every 24 hours, which large wheel is drawn round by a pinion of 12 leaves, fixed on the arbor of the great wheel within the clock frames, which turneth once round in an hour; the wheel 288 thus turning round in 24 hours, carries about with it a wheel of 37 teeth and its pinion of 7 leaves, this pinion of 7 leaves turning round with wheel 37, drives another wheel having 45 teeth which carries round the moon's ring and circle; on the opposite side of this wheel-work, a pinion of 8 leaves extends, and did drive a wheel, but said wheel and its pinion being taken away, the numbers of the wheel and pinion are unknown, the pinion of this wheel, however, turned round a wheel having 29 teeth, furnished with a pinion of 12 leaves, which turned round a large wheel having 132 teeth which carries round the sun and the zodiacal matter. These were the numbers of the wheel-work remaining in the year 1711, but the before-mentioned wheel and its pinion were taken out formerly by some ignorant workman that was not able to amend the clock; they were, however, supplied, and the whole movement repaired by Mr. Lang Bradley, Feuchurch-street, London, vide Dr. Derham's *Artificial Clock Maker*, 3rd edit. Lond. 1714, pp. 121 and 122.

This description gives a very clear idea how the several movements were actuated; but the numbers of a wheel and pinion in

the solar train being unknown, leaves that movement incomplete, thus, $*8 \times 29 = 232$, so that the original combination of wheels and pinions for the annual motion unfortunately cannot with certainty be ascertained.

The writer of the article Clock-work in Dr. Rees' *Ency.* (before referred to,) states, that after he had drawn up the various particulars regarding this clock, he felt an inclination to inspect it; this was on the 8th day of May, 1805, when he embraced an opportunity which occurred of gaining permission to ascend the lofty situation in which the clock is placed. It proved on a minute and careful examination of its several parts, that the whole of both the annual and lunar movements are different from the original ones recorded by Dr. Derham; the lunar movements were found to be $59 \cdot 10 \times 45 \cdot 9 = 29\frac{1}{2}$ days for a synodical lunation, the annual train was found to be $73 \cdot 12 \times 42 \cdot 7 \times 150 \cdot 15 = 365$ days exactly; the central pinion was a double one consisting of a 10 and a 12, fixed as the former one of 8 is described to have been, and pinned together; they are of the wood called box, as are also the pinions 7 and 9, to prevent their cankering (oxidizing), the wheel 42 is made of brass, but the rest being very large are made of iron; the great wheel of 288 teeth which connects the clock-work with the astronomical movements, appeared to be the only portion of the original work, both by its marks of antiquity and the number of its teeth, which are cut on its inner edge (interior circumference), there are two cross bars rivetted to this indented rim to carry the celestial movements, and as there was no counterpoise to them, it was suspected that their rising and falling weight would alternately accelerate and retard the going of the clock, which is connected with it by means of a horizontal arbor of about three feet long by estimation, an inquiry into this matter proved the accuracy of this conjecture, for it appeared that the time of the day indicated was sometimes about five minutes too slow, and at other times as much too fast; the inscription "L. Bradley, 1711," is engraved on the frame of the going part of the clock, which has evidently been new, either the whole of it at that time, or some part of it since, so that what the original regulator was does not appear, the initials of the maker's name "N. O." are now not to be found; there are three barrels and weights, one for the going part which has a very long, heavy pendulum, one for the striking part, and one for the quarters, the present scape-ment is a pair of pallets acting alternately into pins projecting from the plane of a wheel with a horizontal arbor or axis; according to Berthoud, this kind of scape-ment was invented by a Mr. Amant, a clock-maker at Paris, late in the 18th century.

So it would seem that this clock had been again altered and repaired, somewhere between the years 1760 and 1800; in Grose's *Antiquities*, it is stated, that the astronomical furniture of this clock was invented by Thomas Tompion, the celebrated clock-maker; this account cannot be correct, for that ingenious artist lived in Dr. Derham's time. Tompion died in 1669, which period is about 139 years after its construction; it is probable, however, that he might have been employed upon it, and thus given circulation to this current account; the hands and circles are in the following order upon the dial-plate: 1st, or interior circle, is divided into 24 hours for the moon's southings, after this manner, 12, 11, 10, &c.; 2nd, moon's age circle divided into 29½ equal parts; 3rd circle is furnished with the ecliptic with its signs, and days of the month; 4th, sun or hour hand revolving in 24 hours; 5th, the dial circle divided into 24 hours in the usual manner, thus, 12, 1, 2, &c. the moon's phase is exhibited in a circular opening in the hour hand, which covers more or less of a plate, part of which is blackened elliptically, placed under it.

The Gatherer.

Angel.—A short time since there was found at Bath, Somersetshire, an angel of Edward IV., in the highest state of preservation. On the obverse appears the archangel St. Michael, having one foot on the dragon, and piercing him in the mouth with a spear, the end of which terminates with a crosslet. Inscription:—EDWARD DI GRA. REX ANGL. E. FRANC. On the reverse, a ship with a large mast, the top of which is formed into a cross; the royal shield, with the arms of England and France, is fixed on this mast, having on the dexter side an E., the initial of the name, and on the sinister, a rose. Inscription:—PER CRUCEM TUA SALVA NOS XPI REDIMPT. W. G. C.

Love of Wine.—The Emperor Wenceslaus of hibacious memory, (says Dr. Beattie,) granted to the Nurembergers certain important liberties and indemnities, on condition of their furnishing him in return with three tuns of the wine of Bacharach. There are many historical anecdotes in circulation of his predilection for the choicest grape. All authors coincide in the fact, that he was little annoyed by his sudden reverses of station as a degraded potentate. The odes of Anacreon appear to have been his text book. He drank under the apprehension that the time might come when he could not drink. He wrote to several of the imperial towns, stating that he had exacted from them no other pledge of attachment to his person and government, than a few tuns of their best

wine. One day, a messenger arrived in great trepidation, to announce that the royal chateau of Nicegraden had been suddenly burnt to the ground. "And my cellars," hastily interrupted the Emperor, "has the disaster injured my wine?"—"No, sire," replied the messenger, "your majesty's cellars have suffered nothing."—"Well, well, then," rejoined Wenceslaus, "the loss is but small; provided that my wine be not damaged, I am content." W. G. C.

St. Sebastian's Day in Spain.—The custom alluded to by Horace of sticking a tail, (says a modern traveller,) is still practised by the boys in Spain, to the great annoyance of old ladies, who are generally the objects of this sport. One of the ragged striplings that wander in crowds about the streets of Seville, having tagged a piece of paper with a hooked pin, and stolen unperceived behind some slow-paced female, as, wrapped up in her veil, she tells the beads she carries in her left hand, fastens the paper tail on the back of the black or walking petticoat called saya. The whole of the boys, who, at a convenient distance, have watched the dexterity of their companion, set up a loud cry of "Lárgalo, lárgalo!"—"Drop it, drop it." This makes every female in the street look to the rear, which they well know is the fixed point of attack with the merry light troops. The alarm continues till some friendly hand relieves the victim of sport, who spinning and nodding like a spent top, tries in vain to catch a glance at the fast-pinned paper, unmindful of the physical law which forbids her head revolving faster than the great orbit on which the ominous comet flies. W. G. C.

C. Lamb.—The following lines were written by the late C. Lamb, upon the cover of a book of blotting paper. F. W. L.

Blank tho' I be, within you'll find
Relics of th' enrap'tur'd mind:
Where truth and fable, mirth and wit,
Are safely here deposited.
The placid, furious, envious, wise,
Impart to me their secrets;
Here hidden thoughts in blotted line,
Nor sybil can the sense divine.
Lethe and I twin sisters be—
Then, stranger, open me and see!

Mr. Wilberforce.—A friend told me that he found him once in the greatest agitation, looking for a dispatch which he had mislaid; one of the royal family was waiting for it—he had delayed the search till the last moment—he seemed, at length, quite vexed and flurried. At this unlucky instant, a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself, "Now, for once, Wilberforce's temper will give way." He had hardly thought thus when Wilberforce turned to him, and said, "What a blessing it is to have these dear children; only think what a relief, amidst

other hurries, to hear their voices, and know they are well.

C. A. W.

Charlemagne's Bible.—In our description of this calligraphical treasure, it is stated to have been presented to Charlemagne on the day of his coronation; such was not the case, for the presentation was on Christmas Day, 801. We likewise omitted to mention that this Bible is understood not to contain the disputed passage at the commencement of the Gospel of St. John, and not to contain the passage in St. Luke, "Get thee behind me, Satan." The Bible was submitted to sale by auction, on Wednesday the 29th ult. by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall, who put it up for 700*l.*, after which the biddings proceeded as follows:—750*l.*, 800*l.*, 1,000*l.*, 1,000*l.*, 1,100*l.*, 1,200*l.*, 1,470*l.*, 1,500*l.*, at which last sum it was knocked down to Mr. Siordet of St. Helen's-place, who was understood to have bought it in for the owner. It is remarked in the *Times*: "it was confidently expected that this book would have fetched 2,500*l.*; and great astonishment prevailed in the room that no bidder from the British Museum was present to secure for that great national establishment a volume which cannot be matched in any collection in Europe." This astonishment will, we think, be abated, on reading the Parliamentary Evidence on the management of the affairs of the Museum.

Origin of Solicitors.—This branch of legal practitioners seems to have arisen in great part out of the suits in the Star Chamber. (See page 291.) In its origin, their calling appears to have been of doubtful legality, and their characters not over good. Time has, at any event, established their right to practise, whatever may have been its effect upon their characters. "In our age," says Hudson, (a barrister of Gray's Inn, in the reign of Charles I.,) "there are stepped up a new sort of people called Solicitors, unknown to the records of the law, who, like the grass-hoppers in Egypt, devour the whole land; and these I dare say, (being authorized by the opinion of the most reverend and learned Lord Chancellor that ever was before him,) were express maintainers, and could not justify their maintenance upon any action brought; I mean not where a lord or gentleman employed his servant to solicit his cause, for he may justify his doing thereof; but I mean those which are common solicitors of causes, and set up a new profession, not being allowed in any Court, or, at least, not in this Court, where they follow causes; and these are the retainers of causes, and devourers of men's estates by contention, and prolonging suits to make them without end."—*Treatise upon the Star Chamber.*

Newspaper Stamp.—The following account of the origin of the newspaper stamp, is given

by Mr. Cooke, in his *Life of Bolingbroke*:—"Queen Anne, in one of her messages to Parliament, declared, that by seditious papers and factious rumours, designing men had been able to sink credit, and that the innocent had suffered; and she recommended the house to find a remedy equal to the mischief. In obedience to the Queen's desire, and at the instance of her secretary, the Parliament passed a bill, in 1712, imposing a stamp duty upon pamphlets and publications. At its origin, the amount of this stamp was a halfpenny; and it is curious to observe what an effect this trifling impost had upon the circulation of the most favourite papers. Many were entirely discontinued, and several of those which survived were generally united into one publication."

Irish Blunder.—There was an Adage Club in the town of Tralee, which met once a week, one of the rules of which was, that any member who did not contribute towards the entertainment of the company, something original, either in the way of poetry, *jeu d'esprit*, or conundrum, should defray the expenses of the evening. It happened, (says a recent writer,) on one occasion, that a member named Paddy Divine had been rather Boeotian, and not being able to strike anything out of his brains that would exempt him from the forfeit; he returned home at a late hour, melancholy and dejected, not only because he had incurred a fine, but also the character of being stupid. On knocking at his own door, his wife, (who had been waiting up for him,) previous to her opening it, asked, "Who is there?"—"Paddy Divine," replied he.—"And as drunk as a swine," said she.—"Bravo!" said Paddy, "that will do:—

Paddy Divine,
As drunk as a swine."

Anacreon Moore himself could not say it better." Off Paddy went to the club-room again, repeating this verse on the road, least he should forget it. On entering the room, almost exhausted with joy, he exclaimed. "I have it! give me a glass." A glass of punch having been handed to him, "Here," said he, (while all the company were in breathless attention,) "here is, Paddy Divine, as drunk as a pig!" The involuntary burst of laughter which followed, was a convincing proof that the company were amused, while no person could deny the originality of the production; so that, in accordance with the rules, Paddy was exempt from the forfeiture, and, what was dearer to him, he was acquitted of the imputation of dullness. W. G. C.

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